

OPERATION AVOIDED

EXPERIENCE OF MISS MERKLEY

She Was Told That an Operation Was Inevitable How She Escaped It

When a physician tells a woman suffering with ovarian or womb trouble that an operation is necessary, the very thought of the knife and the operating table strikes terror to her heart, and our hospitals are full of women coming for ovarian or womb operations.



There are cases where an operation is the only resource, but when one considers the great number of cases of ovarian and womb trouble cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after physicians have advised operations, no woman should submit to one without first trying the Vegetable Compound and writing Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is free.

Miss Margaret Merkley of 273 Third Street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Less of strength, extreme nervousness shooting pains through the pelvic organs, bearing down pains and cramps compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor, after making an examination, said I had ovarian trouble and advised an operation. To this I strongly objected and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The operation quickly healed, all the bad symptoms disappeared and I am once more strong, vigorous and well.

Ovarian and womb troubles are steadily on the increase among women. If the monthly periods are very painful, or too frequent and excessive—if you have pain or swelling low down in the left side, bearing down pains, leucorrhoea, don't neglect yourself: try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

On the Trail with a Fish Brand Pommele Slicer. Highest Award World's Fair, 1904. A. J. TOWER CO. TOWERS BOSTON, U.S.A. TOWER CANADIAN CO., Limited TORONTO, CANADA

Medicine Sales Restricted. The sale of secret or patent medicines is prohibited in Venezuela, unless formally approved by the government. A permanent commission passes on all articles offered.

RESTORED HIS HAIR

Scalp Honor Cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment After All Else Failed. "I was troubled with a severe scalp humor and loss of hair that gave me a great deal of annoyance. After unsuccessful efforts with many remedies and so-called hair tonics, a friend induced me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The humor was cured in a short time, my hair was restored as healthy as ever, and I can gladly say I have since been entirely free from any further annoyance. I shall always use Cuticura Soap, and I keep the Ointment on hand to use as a dressing for the hair and scalp." (Signed) Fred K. Busche, 213 East 37th St., N. Y. City.

It is stated that an "inner circle" of police is to be formed for the detection of the Czar. It will consist of 500 army officers, specially drafted from the service.

In 1890 the last instance of boiling to death took place in Persia.

Do not believe Pills' Cure for Consumption. Health is not for sale and ends.—J. H. P. Horn, 104th Street, Ind., Feb. 15, 1903.

Copper money in France is being replaced by aluminum.

There have been 319 statues of the Kaiser erected in Germany to date.

PILES

Best For The Bowels. Cascarets. Candy Cathartic. "I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they had not troubled me at all. Cascarets have done wonders for me. I am entirely cured and feel like a new man." George Kruger, Napoleon, O.

Best For The Bowels. Cascarets. Candy Cathartic. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y. 1903. ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Thompson's Eye Water

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

No revival ever yet grew out of rivalry. All great work finds its end in the beginning of greater. A sharp bargain makes a deep wound in the one who gets it. Too many preachers think that eloquence is a matter of accent. The enriching of character is the only thing that will cure poverty. You cannot demonstrate your faith in God by ignoring the feelings of others. It will take more than being up-to-date to keep a man from going down to death. To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word received and endured as in his presence, is worth more than a long prayer.—Fenelon.

Man, forever feeding on the unknown, is the mysterious guest of God in the universe. We cannot believe that the hospitality of the Infinite Housekeeper becoming exhausted, he will ever blow out the lights and quench the guests.—William R. Alger.

There are glimpses of heaven granted to us by every act, or thought, or word which raises us above ourselves—which makes us think less of our selves and more of others, which has taught us of something higher and truer than we have in our hearts.—Dean Stanley.

Who owns the Railroads? H. T. Newcomb, of the District of Columbia Bar, has compiled statistics showing that 5,747,178 depositors in savings banks of six Eastern States are directly interested in the joint ownership of \$412,354,086 of steam railroad securities, that insurance companies doing business in Massachusetts hold \$345,880,038 of steam railroad stocks and bonds, and 74 educational institutions depend on \$17,408,327 invested in similar securities for a portion of their income. Other educational institutions own enough railroad securities to bring such holdings up to more than a billion and a half dollars, about one-sixth of the entire capital invested in railroad property. These investments represent the savings of the masses, there being twenty million holders of life insurance policies in the country, as many more of fire insurance policies, and an even greater number of depositors in banking and trust institutions, whose investments are largely in railroad securities.

Grim Tartary's Awakening. The ferment in Russia has had a curious sequel in a racial ferment among the Tartars of the Crimea for the restoration of their ancient kingdom. A pretender has even appeared, styling himself Sabal-Grez Khan, and claiming to be a descendant of Senchin Garex Khan, the last of the independent Khans, who submitted to Russia in 1783. The pretender, who appears among the Tartar villagers, with an armed body guard, has even issued a manifesto, claiming the restoration of the Khanate. Troops have been sent from Sevastopol to Buchachisaraj, the ancient capital, and the mosque where the Khans of old were inaugurated is under military guard.—London Globe.

The Last English Pope. The land area of Canada is 2,216,684,071 acres of fiction of 1904, but it is more than doubtful whether it will ever be a fact again. The first and last English pontiff was elected as long ago as December 4, 1154. Nicholas Breakspere was born the son of a laborer at Langley, near St. Albans, and lived as Adrain VI. to be one of the most powerful and assertive of the popes. It was he who compelled the emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, to hold his stirrup, and when he died in 1159 he was about to excommunicate the emperor. It was Adrain IV. also who blessed and authorized, by virtue of the supposed papal jurisdiction over all islands, his old sovereign, Henry II., resolve to conquer Ireland.

CHILDREN AFFECTED By Mother's Food and Drink. The great prizes of life do not fall to the most brilliant, to the cleverest, to the shrewdest, to the most long-headed, or to the best educated, but to the most level-headed men, to the men of soundest judgment. When a man is wanted for a responsible position his shrewdness is not considered so important as his sound judgment. Reliability is what is wanted. Can a man stand without being tripped; and if he is thrown, can he land upon his feet? Can he be depended upon, relied upon under all circumstances to do the right thing, the sensible thing? Has the man a level head? Has he good horse sense? Is he liable to fly off on a tangent or to "go off half-cooked"? Is he "faddy"? Has he "wheels in his head"? Does he lose his temper easily, or can he control himself? If he can keep a level head under all circumstances, if he cannot be thrown off his balance, and is honest, he is the man wanted.—Success.

Righteous Indignation. A minister of the Kirk of Scotland once discovered his wife in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath; so, pausing in the steady and possibly somewhat monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate: "Susan!" Susan woke up with a start and rubbed her eyes, as did all the other dreamers in the edifice, whether asleep or awake. "Susan," continued her clerical spouse, "I didna marry ye for yer wealth, sin' ye had none. And, I didna marry ye for yer beauty; that the hall congregation can see. And if ye hae not grace, I hae made but a sair bargain w' ye!"—London Tit-Bits.

Woman's Work, That's Never Done. First Shopper—Sometimes it is hard to find what you want. Second Shopper—Yes; especially when you don't know what it is.—Judge.

Argentina is the United States of South America. It is made up of 14 states and nine territories. The population is about 5,000,000.

PASS IT ON.

If the Man Under You Does Good Work, Tell Him So. "You're great little wife, and I don't know what I would do without you." As he spoke he put his arms about her and kissed her, and she forgot all the care in that moment. And forgetting all, she sang as she washed the dishes, and sang as she made the beds, and the song was heard next door, and a woman there caught the refrain, and sang also, and two homes were happier because he had told her that sweet old story, the story of the love of a husband for a wife. As she sang the butcher boy who called for the order heard it and went out whistling on his journey, and the world heard the whistle, and one man, hearing it, thought: "Here is a lad who loves his work, a lad happy and contented."

And because she sang her heart was mellowed, and she swept about the back door the cool air kissed her on each cheek, and she thought of a poor old woman she knew, and a little basket went over to that home, with a quarter for a crate or two of wood. So because he kissed her and praised her the song came, and the influence went out and out. Pass on the praise. A word, as you make a rift in the cloud; smile, and you may create a new resolve; a grasp of the hand, and you may repossess a soul from hell. Does your clerk do well? Pass on the praise. Tell him that you are pleased, and he will appreciate it more than a raise. A good clerk does not work for his salary alone. Teacher, if the child is good, tell him about it; if he is better, tell him again; thus, you see, good, better, best. Pass on the praise now. Pass it on in the home. Don't go to the grave and call, "Mother." Don't plead: "Hear me, mother. You were a good mother, and smoothed away many a rugged path for me." These ears cannot hear that glad admission. These eyes cannot see the light of earnestness in yours. These hands may not return the embraces you now wish to give. Pass on the praise today.—Argenta Hustler.

A "Fly" Undergraduate. A prominent railway official tells how an undergraduate at Johns Hopkins University made a decided hit at a banquet of railroad men in Baltimore, to which he had been invited because of his intimacy with the son of the president of a certain road. As there were not many guests the toastmaster called upon all for speeches. When the older men had their say the toastmaster, turning to the young student, smilingly suggested that he make a short talk. The guests looked sympathetically at the young fellow, but he arose with perfect self-possession and said: "Gentlemen, my position just now reminds me of a story. "A fly got on the ear of a bull. For some reason entirely unknown to the fly the bull suddenly began to tear down the road at a terrific rate, leaving a suffocating trail of dust. He was snorting and roaring in a ferocious manner, when the fly whispered in the bull's ear: "Get! Ain't we raising an awful lot of dust and noise!" "And, gentlemen," added the undergraduate, "I must say that in the midst of all this wit and eloquence to night I feel very much like that fly."—New York Press.

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THE STRAIN OF WORK.

Best of Backs Give Out Under the Burden of Daily Toil. Lieutenant George G. Warren, of No. 3 Chemical, Washington, D. C., says: "It's an honest fact that Doan's Kidney Pills did me a great lot of good, and if it were not for them I would not recommend them. It was the strain of lifting that brought on kidney trouble and weakened my back, but since using Doan's Kidney Pills I have lifted 600 pounds and felt no bad effects. I have not felt the trouble come back since, although I had suffered for five or six years, and other remedies had not helped me at all." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Delayed. "Ladies," said the chairwoman of the club, "I must ask you to be patient. Mrs. Rumdum, who is to address us this afternoon on 'The Foolishness of Modern Fashion,' has just telephoned that her modiste has only this moment delivered her new dress, and, of course, she must wait long enough to do it, as she could not appear before such a representative audience with a last season's gown." With a chorus of murmured sympathy and approval, the members of the club settled back in their chairs to wait the arrival of the helpful speaker.—Life.

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PA DOES THE BUYING.

Mr. Jones's First Attempt Caused Even the Dog to Pity Him. "Madam!" shrieked Pa Jones, as he dashed into the happy home of the Jones family, under a full head of steam, kicked some fur off the cat, and boosted the dog through the parlor portieres, "Do you want to ruin me? Do you want to drive me a pauper in the streets? Do you want our sweet little children to go out and work as servants for daily bread? Do you?" "What's the matter with you, Henry Jones?" returned Ma, not the least disturbed. "Your talk rattles as though your teeth were loose." "Matter enough, Mrs. Jones," cried Pa, as he backed into a sago palm in his excitement. "I have just received the grocery bill for the last month, and find it exceeds my income by ten dollars! What do you do with all the stuff you buy? Do you send it to your poor relatives, give it out as charity prizes, or indiscriminately feed it to the hoboes? I tell!" "Look here, Henry Jones," returned Ma, flaring up like a rejuvenated gas jet, "I want you to distinctly understand that I run this house as an economically as possible, considering the enormity of your appetite. Nothing goes to waste. I make croquettes of the left-overs, soup out of the bones, and use the stale bread for pudding."

"Oh, yes. I suppose you do," interrupted Pa Jones. "You are a wonder, you are, Mrs. Jones, but the fact remains that we are using enough food-stuffs in this house to supply an orphan asylum, and it's time to call a halt."

"Well, I don't know what you are going to do about it," said Ma Jones, as she picked up her embroidery and started to work a pink star in a pale green heaven. "I know what I will do about it!" shouted Pa Jones, with increasing heat. "I will go down to the store and order the groceries myself instead of having a shark hanging around the kitchen door just before each meal! I will show you how to economize! I will show you how to save; and if I don't cut that bill down to one-half you may hang me for warbling coon songs without a license."

Having thus relieved himself of the volume of words that discharged his dome of thought, Pa Jones replaced his derby and made a dash for the grocery store. The next day his order arrived, and when Pa came in later, misery in manifold bunches, awaited him. "You made a nice mess of buying groceries, didn't you?" cried Ma, as she bowed poor Henry to the larder. "I flatter myself that I made a good job of it," replied Pa. "You did, did you?" exclaimed Ma. "Well, in the first place you bought 25 pounds of salt, which is enough to pickle six people as fresh as you are; and to offset this you ordered a pound of flour, which will be lost in just six seconds' dish up into biscuits. Next you turn in and order five pounds of red pepper, and a half pound of bitter, strong enough to throw a locomotive over the back yard fence. Next?"

"Madam, I"— "Next you buy a half pound coffee and five pounds of tea, and then throw in enough patent soap to paint a country barn. Not satis?" "Mary!" "Not satisfied with this, you get enough cheese to bait all the mousetraps in ten counties, and then failed to order enough sugar to put a sweet spot on your sour nature. Worse yet."

"Dearie!" "You never got a single trading stamp. So there!" "It was then that poor Pa Jones collapsed and the dog looked on in pity."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

They Comprised. "Will you be my wife, Genevieve?" "No, Charles. I think far too much of you for that. I still want your friendship. Let me be your stenographer. That is the only way in which I can submit to man's domination."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

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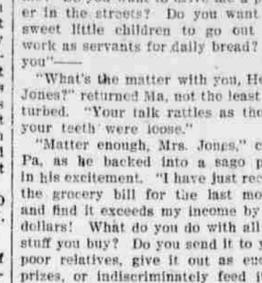
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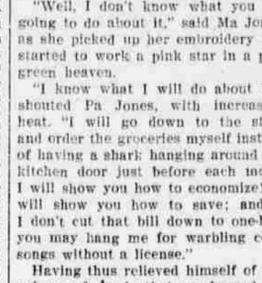
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HOW TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ESCAPED PELVIC CATARRH BY AID OF PERUNA

Female Weakness Is Usually Pelvic Catarrh. ru-na Cures Catarrh Wherever Located.



Mrs. Mable Bradford, 13 Church street, Burlington, Vt., Secretary Whittier Oration Society, writes: "I began after trying many different medicines to restore me to health, that Peruna was the only thing which could be depended upon. I began taking it when I was in a decline, induced by female weakness and overwrought nerves. I began to feel stronger during the first week I took Peruna and my health improved daily until now I am in perfect health and enjoy life as I never did before."—Lizzie Redding.



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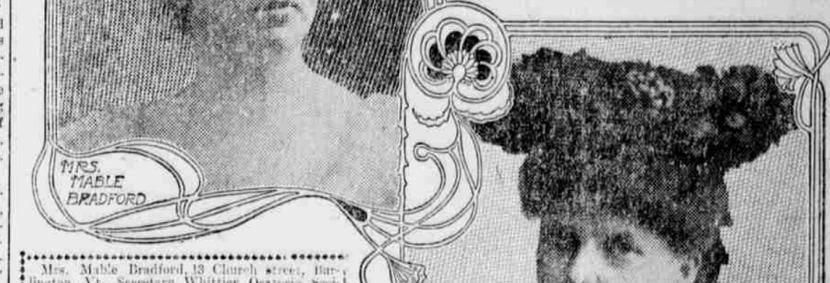
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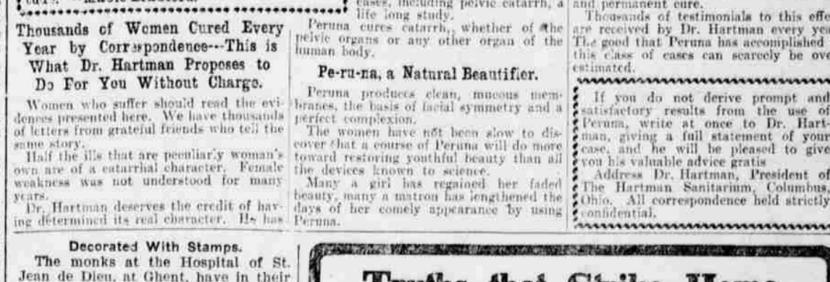
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Truths that Strike Home

Your grocer is honest and—if he cares to do so—can tell you that he knows very little about the bulk coffee he sells you. How can he know where it originally came from, how it was blended—or with what—or when roasted? If you buy your coffee loose by the pound, how can you expect purity and uniform quality?



LION COFFEE, the LEADER OF ALL PACKAGE COFFEES, is of necessarily uniform in quality, strength and flavor. For OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY, LION COFFEE has been the standard coffee in millions of homes. LION COFFEE is carefully packed at our factories, and until opened in your home, has no chance of being altered, or of coming in contact with dirt, germs, or unclean hands. In each package of LION COFFEE you get one full pound of Pure Coffee. Insist upon getting the genuine. (Lion head on every package.) (Save the Lion-heads for valuable premiums.) SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

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Good Artist vs. Bad Man. Alfred Gilbert, the artist, told his Royal Academy audience the other day—according to the report in the London Pall Mall Gazette—that the good artist never was a bad man, and the bad man was never a good artist. And what does Mr. Gilbert think of the artistic ability of that champion all-round bad man, Benvenuto Cellini? P. N. U. 14, 1905. MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN. A Certain Cure for Feverishness, Constipation, Headaches, Croup, Whooping Cough, Teething Discomforts, and Diarrhoea. The Break-up Colds in 10 hours. At all Druggists. Sample mailed FREE. Address: A. S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

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